

## The Mahoning Dispatch

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

C. C. FOWLER Editor.

CANFIELD, OHIO

TELEPHONE NO. 48.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year \$1.00  
 Six Months .50  
 Three Months .25  
 Single Copy 10c  
 (Canadian subscriptions \$1.20)

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Obituary Notices, Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, and notices of church and charitable organizations, will be charged for at the rate of one-half cent a word. These must be paid for in advance, or charged to responsible parties entering the same.

## TWELVE PAGES.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1908.

FINE fighting!

BETTER not be a better.

UP and at 'em early next Tuesday morning!

HOW THEY are fighting as the contest nears an end!

HOW the political racers are coming down the homestretch!

It's easy as rolling off a log for some men to pick the winners, in their mind.

CHILLS will chase up and down the spinal columns of a lot of anxious men next Tuesday night.

NOT much money circulating in this campaign, the boddies wail. Sensible candidates on all tickets, evidently.

SOME politicians who boast of being self-made men, in the eyes of a good many people, did a mighty poor job of it.

CANFIELD will have two elections next week—general election Tuesday and county fair board election Wednesday.

MR. HIGGEN as a presidential candidate is about as quiet as they make 'em. He is like the boy late in bed—has nothing to say.

THERE are good men on both republican and democratic tickets in this county and it is too bad they all cannot be elected.

OWING to the size of the ticket to be voted next Tuesday returns will be slow getting in. In precincts like Canfield the count will take a large part of the night.

BOTH Taft and Bryan claim heavy gains in support. One or the other is mistaken. Next Tuesday's results only can determine which gentleman missed his calculations.

VOTERS when handed tickets at the election next Tuesday may suspect that they are being presented with a bed sheet, the ballot being the largest ever used at an election.

THE building of five miles of macadamized road to connect with those leading to Youngstown would seem to be a good thing for Canfield. The benefits to accrue would greatly exceed the cost.

NEXT Tuesday is election day and Canfield electors will have a chance to deposit two ballots in the boxes—one of monster size and the other quite small, the latter having to do with the road improvement question only.

THE DISPATCH today prints the pictures of all the presidential candidates with the exception of that of Eugene W. Chaffin of Chicago, the prohibition nominee, and this is due to failure to receive cut ordered in time for use.

## Youngstown.

Dick Warnock, the Diamond news dealer, is seriously ill in the city hospital.

Wick Taylor is cutting no ice in this campaign.

Representative R. C. Huey has had his hair cut, and now it is hard for friends to recognize him.

The iron masters deny they started their mills early last week and ran several days 'cause Bryan was here. Democrats suspect that the plants were put in operation to keep the men from hearing Col. Bryan.

The air is full of politics these days and elections cannot come and go too quick to suit a lot of people who must listen to political palaver whether they would or not.

The Business Men's Association will have its annual banquet on the night of Nov. 18.

Ten new rolling mills will be added to the Ohio steel plant.

B. C. Pond has resigned as Y. M. C. A. secretary to accept a similar position in Paterson, N. J.

The Forester Club is now the Republican Club, the name having at last been changed.

A great crowd will be in the city next Monday afternoon to greet Judge Taft who closes the campaign in this city.

There will be a big parade at the Halloween festival Friday night.

Nearly \$3,000 raised by the firemen's benefit entertainment for the families of Assistant Chief Reilly and Capt. Vaughn.

The city hospital benefit and gifts put about \$5,000 in the treasury.

Chairman E. H. Moore claims that the democratic county ticket will be elected.

Chairman Jack Williams of the republican county committee is confined to his home by sickness and unable to whomp 'er up as he had planned for the campaign. Judge G. E. Rose is now acting chairman.

Dr. Jas. Wilson, one of the oldest physicians in the city, died Monday.

WANTED—SUNDAY MAGAZINE requires the services of a man in Canfield to look after advertising and to secure one hundred by means of special methods unusually effective, position permanent, prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good nature and energy. Salary \$1.20 per day, with commission option. Address with references, R. C. Pascoe, Room 302, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.

—Patrons Dispatch advertisers.

## VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

For instance.



The young woman who sows wild oats need not be surprised if she marries a man who thrashes her.

The trouble with the man who makes his money, rather than marrying it, is that he too often is so busy he doesn't take time to get married at all.

An Indiana woman is suing her husband on the grounds that he talks so much that she has nervous prostration. At last the worm has turned.—Erie (Pa.) Journal.

A St. Louis woman is hunting her husband so she can sue him for divorce. A Kansas editor, commenting, says he probably would come forward at once if he knew what she wants of him.

When a Chicago girl gets a man around the neck, he may as well capitulate. She hasn't been hanging to a strap in a Chicago street car all these years for nothing!

A young lady while out walking heard, for the first time, of her mother's intention to marry again, and she was obliged to sit right down and cry about it. She could not go a step farther.—Hotchkiss (Col.) Times.

A widower who was married recently for the third time and whose bride had been married once before, is said to have written across the bottom of the wedding invitation, "Be sure and come, as this is no amateur performance."

"Here it is August and no sleighing," complains a Michigan editor. And no teicles to eat, nuther—no snowballs to chug, no coasting, no ice skating, no apple-bobbin', no grate fires, no Christmas weddin's ner nothin'! Durn it!

## Quar Fodder.

An Indiana farmer hung his vest in a fence corner while at work. In a pocket of the vest was \$60. One of a herd of steers swallowed the roll. The farmer killed the suspected steer but failed to find his money. The next day the guilty animal coughed up the \$60. It was still in good condition. The only loser was the steer that was in bad company! Moral—Don't have \$60.

## Model Grandpa.



My grandpa sez when he was young he uster always be so GOOD! He'd git th' coles and swell th' pigs and cut up—O gist piles of WOOD! He sez that he would take th' MAIL and order groceries each day—and NEVER ONCE FORGET th' things. He stop 2 letter on th' way!

but when my Grandma's ma spoke up 'An' sez 'twas very STRANGE, IN-DEED, she didn't hear from Mrs. Jones about them black carnation seeds, my gran'pa looked quite sheepish then, and sneezing 2 thee town, by jing, I seen him drop that letter in—He'd plumb forgot 2 Mail th' thing!

## Wisdom an Old Fogey.

Wisdom is having a lonely time of it, these days. Everybody tells her they like her and respect her, and then everybody goes to the vaudeville and leaves her alone in a strange house, or wherever else she happens to be. If she invites the public to read her book, she covers of a book, they say, sweetly, "Yes, dear to-morrow I surely will," and turn to the funny column, or the back of the newspapers where the comics are.

If wisdom is enthroned in a man, the folks all tell how much he knows and go off in the automobile without him. The girls giggle at him and the business men smile and slyly poke each other in the ribs when he calls. You bet, wisdom is all right—but why is a hen?

## Chample Old Maid.

—Miss Cora Hundredmark of Morrison, arrived here Thursday and visited over Sunday at the Matt Orson home.—Belle-ville (Oregon) Times.

## Position in Life.

The bootblack may be said to be at the foot of his class.

Byron Williams

## Unfamiliar Names.

"I suppose," said the sad-eyed youth at the musical, "you know the difference between bel canto and coloratura."

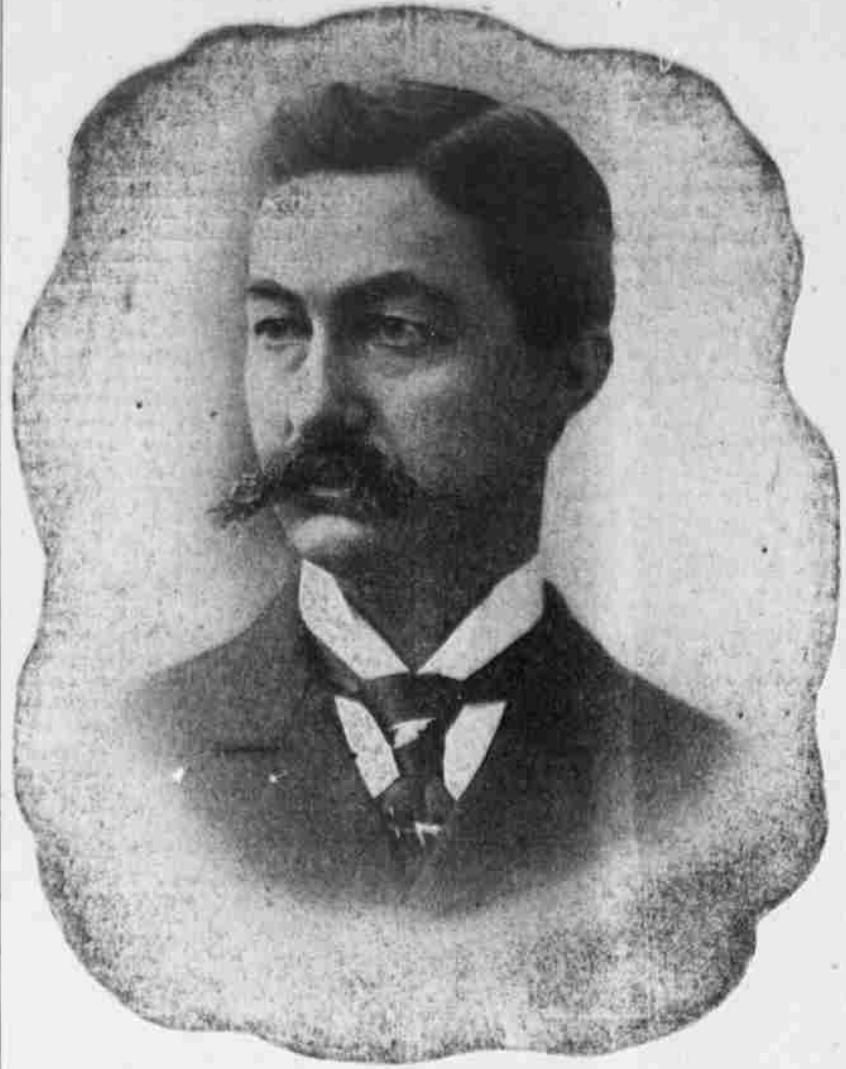
"Young man," answered Mr. Cumrox, severely, "I never bet on race horses."

## Polite Amenities.

He (bravely)—I cannot understand why so many foolish women are so fond of dogs.

She (sweetly)—Nor I, that so many foolish women stick so to cuts.

## CONRAD F. BRENNER FOR COUNTY AUDITOR



C. F. Brenner

Conrad F. Brenner, the Democratic nominee for County Auditor, has already served in that important office and to the entire satisfaction of the people of this county. Mr. Brenner is a thorough business man, being identified with several of Youngstown's substantial financial and commercial enterprises. His belief of democratic friends insisted that he accept the nomination for County Auditor, knowing that he is well qualified for the place and one of the strongest men that could be named. He is not only popular in business circles but with laboring men as well for he has always been recognized as one of their staunchest friends.

Mr. Brenner does not believe that the claim that the present auditor is alone responsible for adding a large sum to the tax duplicate will have the effect desired by such announcement and publication.

Yesterday a representative of this paper interviewed H. A. Manchester, and among other matters asked him what he thought of the candidacy of C. F. Brenner for County Auditor. He replied: "I regard Mr. Brenner as an honest, capable man, one well qualified by education and experience to carefully, accurately and honestly audit the accounts of the county. Several years ago he was elected to that office in this county and proved himself a faithful and efficient officer. The electors of Mahoning county cannot do better than give him another term."

Many a poet has written of autumn-leaves. They tell most persons a true but melancholy story of how life budded, was green, flourished for a summer, then ripened, turned brown, fell and became the sport of winter winds. But that is not the tale with the one who makes a wonderful prayer of which our text is a part. He speaks of an inner self that has gone through moral experiences, not physical.

"We are all become as one that is unclean, and all our righteousnesses are as a polluted garment; and we all do fade as a leaf and our iniquities, like the wind, take us away.

And shall we be saved?" This man is kin to us all. We share his confession, for who is there of us that in serious moments has not said the same thing?

The truest patriot is a good citizen. Every person in our land who tramples justice in dealing with another, who crushes righteousness in civil or commercial realms, who is a mere idler in luxury, whose occupation is degrading to himself or others, is turning our leaf from green to brown. The shiftless poor, and the idle rich; the anarchist who wants no law at all, and the equally bad anarchist who thinks to buy exemption from obedience to law; the bribe givers and takers; the criminals of bottom, middle and top of our social order, all help to tear from our foliage the leaves that are for the healing of nations.

Every institution that harms our national life must go, if our glory is to stay.

But, there can be no fading nation unless there are faded men and women. There is no such a thing as a nation apart from the persons who make it. How many a high purpose has become only the acrobat of present moral decline, as our low lives turn it over and over, as the October wind does the faded leaf!

Prophets long have been known to receive honors save in their own land. But even in foreign parts many of the greatest are relatively without recognition. Like the gold and silver and precious stones that are hidden in the earth, and like the impalpable air that sustains our life, and like the invisible electricity that does our work, some of the most forceful, vitalizing, useful of the world's citizens are those whose work is unknown, whose personalities are obscure, whose value is not at all evident to the world whom they sustain and nourish with their teeming thought.

This is one of the findings of Lester F. Ward, himself a luminous instance of the concealment of the great. Although the sociologists of America pronounce him facile princeps among them, and although there have been appreciations from abroad, even the foreign scientific circles are largely unacquainted with his momentous contributions to knowledge. And as for the world at large the author of "Dynamic Sociology," of "Pure and Applied Sociology," with their epoch making ideas, is a nonentity. The facts in turn which Dr. Ward has mustered in support of his magnificent theories are themselves the unrecognition of innumerable laboratories and almost unknown men, scientific investigators pursuing their toilsome researches with little fame and less fortune, apostles, albeit, of human gladness and comfort, priests in the cult of truth and reason. It is they that discover the laws which lesser minds can apply, that give us our wireless telephones, our airplanes, our turbines, our aerums.

But the world knows less about the greatest among them than it tells of in every evening's entr'actes above the average chorus lady of the average play, less than it chatters every morning about the average fighter in the average ring, less than it argues every afternoon about the average politician of the average plank and party.

## Great Men Remain Obscure

By ADA MAY KRECHER.

Prophets long have been known to receive honors save in their own land. But even in foreign parts many of the greatest are relatively without recognition. Like the gold and silver and precious stones that are hidden in the earth, and like the impalpable air that sustains our life, and like the invisible electricity that does our work, some of the most forceful, vitalizing, useful of the world's citizens are those whose work is unknown, whose personalities are obscure, whose value is not at all evident to the world whom they sustain and nourish with their teeming thought.

This is one of the findings of Lester F. Ward, himself a luminous instance of the concealment of the great. Although the sociologists of America pronounce him facile princeps among them, and although there have been appreciations from abroad, even the foreign scientific circles are largely unacquainted with his momentous contributions to knowledge. And as for the world at large the author of "Dynamic Sociology," of "Pure and Applied Sociology," with their epoch making ideas, is a nonentity. The facts in turn which Dr. Ward has mustered in support of his magnificent theories are themselves the unrecognition of innumerable laboratories and almost unknown men, scientific investigators pursuing their toilsome researches with little fame and less fortune, apostles, albeit, of human gladness and comfort, priests in the cult of truth and reason. It is they that discover the laws which lesser minds can apply, that give us our wireless telephones, our airplanes, our turbines, our aerums.

But the world knows less about the greatest among them than it tells of in every evening's entr'actes above the average chorus lady of the average play, less than it chatters every morning about the average fighter in the average ring, less than it argues every afternoon about the average politician of the average plank and party.

Prophets long have been known to receive honors save in their own land. But even in foreign parts many of the greatest are relatively without recognition. Like the gold and silver and precious stones that are hidden in the earth, and like the impalpable air that sustains our life, and like the invisible electricity that does our work, some of the most forceful, vitalizing, useful of the world's citizens are those whose work is unknown, whose personalities are obscure, whose value is not at all evident to the world whom they sustain and nourish with their teeming thought.

This is one of the findings of Lester F. Ward, himself a luminous instance of the concealment of the great. Although the sociologists of America pronounce him facile princeps among them, and although there have been appreciations from abroad, even the foreign scientific circles are largely unacquainted with his momentous contributions to knowledge. And as for the world at large the author of "Dynamic Sociology," of "Pure and Applied Sociology," with their epoch making ideas, is a nonentity. The facts in turn which Dr. Ward has mustered in support of his magnificent theories are themselves the unrecognition of innumerable laboratories and almost unknown men, scientific investigators pursuing their toilsome researches with little fame and less fortune, apostles, albeit, of human gladness and comfort, priests in the cult of truth and reason. It is they that discover the laws which lesser minds can apply, that give us our wireless telephones, our airplanes, our turbines, our aerums.

But the world knows less about the greatest among them than it tells of in every evening's entr'actes above the average chorus lady of the average play, less than it chatters every morning about the average fighter in the average ring, less than it argues every afternoon about the average politician of the average plank and party.

Prophets long have been known to receive honors save in their own land. But even in foreign parts many of the greatest are relatively without recognition. Like the gold and silver and precious stones that are hidden in the earth, and like the impalpable air that sustains our life, and like the invisible electricity that does our work, some of the most forceful, vitalizing, useful of the world's citizens are those whose work is unknown, whose personalities are obscure, whose value is not at all evident to the world whom they sustain and nourish with their teeming thought.

This is one of the findings of Lester F. Ward, himself a luminous instance of the concealment of the great. Although the sociologists of America pronounce him facile princeps among them, and although there have been appreciations from abroad, even the foreign scientific circles are largely unacquainted with his momentous contributions to knowledge. And as for the world at large the author of "Dynamic Sociology," of "Pure and Applied Sociology," with their epoch making ideas, is a nonentity. The facts in turn which Dr. Ward has mustered in support of his magnificent theories are themselves the unrecognition of innumerable laboratories and almost unknown men, scientific investigators pursuing their toilsome researches with little fame and less fortune, apostles, albeit, of human gladness and comfort, priests in the cult of truth and reason. It is they that discover the laws which lesser minds can apply, that give us our wireless telephones, our airplanes, our turbines, our aerums.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS UTTERED.

Patron's Little Joke on the Autocrat of the Hotel.

"What is the cabbage?" inquired the departing patron, who wished to go to the railway station from the hotel.

"What's the what?" exclaimed the clerk, losing his clutch on the perfect English he usually handed over the counter.

"What's the cabbage?" I said.

"I know you did, but I do not quite get your meaning."

"Oh, you don't? You know what cabbage is, don't you?"

"I guess I've seen enough of it to know. I used to live in the suburbs of Chicago."

"Well, what is it from here to the depot?"

"I suppose it is just what it is everywhere else; that is, a vegetable which—"

The departing patron interrupted with violence.

"Aw, say," he protested, "you ought to be plowed under, or fertilized, or something. Cabbage is cab fare, ain't it?"—Lippincott's.

That Surprise Party.

An Atchison man who was the subject of a surprise party recently went to see a lawyer. He says the people did not bring refreshments, and he was advised by the lawyer that the bill for refreshments he was compelled to buy can be collected from the women who got up the party. The lawyer says that the legal principle is well established that refreshments should be taken to a surprise party. There is no law to compel a man to provide a lap lunch for his neighbors on a moment's notice, and then be abused because there is only one kind of cake. The lawyer also says that exemplary damages can be recovered. We don't know what that means, but the lawyer is quite certain that they can be had.—Atchison Globe.

Her Own Doctor.

A Washington woman recently hired a negress. Going to the kitchen one day she was amazed to find the negress sitting on the floor, with her hair standing out from her head like a black nimbus. The girl was pulling one curly lock and then another in such a way as to suggest that she had suddenly lost her reason.

"What on earth are you doing, Mary?" gasped the lady of the house.

"Nawthin', ma'am, only I has got a sore throat an' was jest tryin' to find de lock dat would pull mah palate up an' relieve de tickle."

## A Thinker.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## The Meanest Ad.

A clerk in the advertising department of a newspaper called a reporter to him.

"Here is the meanest ad," he said, "in my long experience. It was handed in by a very pretty young girl. When I read it I could hardly keep from saying to her: 'Aren't you ashamed?'"

"If the gentleman who lent a brown raincoat to a young lady in the park on Sunday afternoon during the storm will apply to the butler at 2117 Peanut street he can have the coat back upon payment of the cost of this advertisement."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## HARP OF VARIOUS THINGS.

FOR SALE—New Hucksley Wagon with top. A bargain. E. E. Neff, Canfield, Ohio.

WANTED—Ten men to dig coal. For further information address G. W. Lynn, West Austin town, O.

FOR SALE—H Delaine Rams, 2 and 3 years old. Good ones. E. W. Bingham & Son, R. D. No. 2, Berlin Center, O.

LOST—In September, on road between Youngstown and Canfield, a pouch containing money. Finder advise Dispatch and receive reward.

FOR SALE—Storm fronts, blankets, harness, straps, buggies, new and second hand; runabout, wagon, plows, harrows, etc. J. W. Johnston, Canfield, Ohio.

FOR SALE—New six horse power International Gasoline Engine, complete with tanks, batteries, etc. Call on or address E. S. Goldner, North Jackson, O. Phone 204 47.

FOR SALE—Hand made farm and handy wagon, buggies of different makes, plows, harrows, harness, buggies, etc. J. W. Johnston, Canfield, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Fresh emptied whiskey barrels, hives and kegs, for order and wine. Immediate shipment will be made of any quantity. Address Youngstown Barrel & Co. Coopers Co., Youngstown, O.

FOR SALE—Cream separator of a standard make, capacity 60 to 700. Practically good as new. Also one Sears & Roebuck separator, 180 model. Atte B. Miller, Ellsworth Station, O. Jackson phone 327.

FOR SALE—Ford Runabout, 15 horse power, with rumble seat, top, gas lamps, etc. Cost \$425, June, 1908. Sale price \$250. Perfect condition. Only reason for selling is I have ordered 1909 Ford Touring Car. Address, 31 E. Main St., Salem, O. C. C. Farrow 10.

FOR SALE—The following articles are offered at private sale: Chickering piano, sideboard, 2 buggies, 2 sets single harness, heating and cook stove, blue flame oil stove, 2 iron bedsteads, parlor lamp, side lamp, Singer sewing machine, wheelbarrow, stovebowl, spring wagon, collar and harness. J. W. Johnston, Canfield, Ohio.

Administratrix's Notice.

THE STATE OF OHIO, MAHONING COUNTY, ss. I, the Clerk of Probate.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified Administratrix of the estate of Richard F. Oberman late of Mahoning County, Ohio, deceased, by the Probate Court of said County. All persons interested with regard thereto are notified to appear before me at my office in Youngstown, Ohio, on or before the 15th day of November, 1908.

—James Pilmer, Adair, troubled with night visitors to his hen coop and corn bin, watched on Thursday night poured the contents of a loaded shot gun in to the murderers, they making a hasty exodus.

McKelvey's

OUR SPECIAL

\$25.00 SUITS

Made of fine broadcloth, trimmed in the very latest fashion, gored skirt, Skinner's satin lined, in every way the most desirable suit ever offered at the price. Five other styles at this special price.

\$25.00

You Surely Want These Suits Now.

OUR SPECIAL

\$18.50 SUITS

These Suits Look Well and Will Give Good Wear

Made from cheviots and worsteds, coats are 36 inches long, with notch collar, large patch pockets, satin lined, skirts gored, with wide fold at bottom. These Suits were bought direct from the factory at a special price; they were made up to sell for \$25.00.

Our special price, only \$18.50

McKelvey's - Youngstown, O.

**Special Suit, Wrap and Skirt Sale**

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Oct. 29, 30, 31 and all of next week.

We are closing out our entire stock of High Class Suits as follows:

|   |         |  |         |
|---|---------|--|---------|
| One lot, made to sell at \$30.00 to \$38.50, your choice..... | \$22.50 | One lot made to sell at \$22.50 to \$28.50, your choice..... | \$18.50 |
| One lot, made to sell at \$18.50 to \$22.00, your choice..... | \$14.98 |  |         |

These Suits are all our new "Wooltex" Suits and worth every cent of their regular price, but the factory is now working on Winter Wraps and we decided to close the lot out quickly.

A big New York manufacturer has sent us 58 Sample Coats, one of a kind, at one-fourth off their regular price, these with our immense line of high class "Wooltex" garments (all special priced) will make a selection seldom found outside of city stores and at a price that will surprise you.

50 Infants' Cloaks, in white, tan, brown, red, blue, green and novelties, at \$1.98 to \$3.98. All worth \$1.00 to \$2.00 more.

|   |        |  |        |
|---|--------|--|--------|
| Choice of \$12.00 "Wooltex" Skirts, only..... | \$9.98 | Choice of \$8.50 "Wooltex" Skirts, only..... | \$6.98 |
| Choice of \$10.00 "Wooltex" Skirts, only..... | \$8.98 | Choice of \$7.50 "Wooltex" Skirts, only..... | \$5.98 |

All Alterations Made Free.

See the special bargains Saturday. You cannot afford to miss them.

**A Premium Ticket With Each Dollar Purchase**

**SMITH'S,**

The Big Cash Store, COLUMBIANA, O.